

## Alien Hostage Chapter 1

Salter examined her surroundings. She stood on an open platform near the top of a blue-leafed tree. The foliage was thick due to the late spring growth, shielding the wood-planked deck from any curious eyes. Yet she felt watched.

She took in the platform itself. It boasted few details, but she saw evidence it had recently been used. Animal hide cushions as long as her body lay scattered about. Depressions in their centers spoke of someone using them.

Tasha inhaled the wood scent of the tree, of the deck beneath her bare feet. The leaves had a dusty yet distantly sweet fragrance, similar to dried flowers. There was her own light fragrance, a spritz of perfume.

Another scent greeted her, musky and spicy, with a hint of cinnamon.

She backed toward the trunk of the tree, where an improbable rough spiral staircase wound about its thick circumference. She had padded up its circular path less than a minute before, curiosity driving her. Feeling those unseen gazes upon her, she headed back that way. She concentrated on getting to the stairs, avoiding the thought of the dizzying height she'd have to descend to reach the ground.

Tasha turned as she neared the trunk, reaching for the railing that wound with the steps anchored in the massive tree. Her hand froze in midair as she noticed a man standing a couple of steps down.

His naked torso was granite muscle. Tasha's breath caught at the powerful swells beneath mocha-brown skin. He wore a tan animal hide tied about his waist, revealing legs as strong as his upper body. His waist-length black hair drifted loose in the breeze, waving like lazy tendrils of midnight fire. His purple, cat-pupiled eyes narrowed as he stared at her, as if he could drill into her soul with his very gaze. His sensual lips were in defiance of the carved masculinity of his features. They curled in a knowing smile.

Tasha retreated from that ruthless leer. Her legs trembled with sudden weakness. The alien drained her strength with the power of his unblinking stare.

He advanced a step. He kept climbing, looming bigger. Then he stood on the deck to tower over her.

Movement behind him alerted her to a second presence on the stairs. Tasha took another step back. She had little room to retreat. She'd run out of platform soon.

The first man's companion mounted the deck to stand at his side. He was slighter than his companion, but no less impressive. His dark face was long. The features would have been haughty except for the lust curling his lips. His shaggy hair brushed his wide shoulders, tousled locks that shone blue-black in the dappled light. He also wore a skin loincloth knotted low about his hips.

A third appeared. Her mouth went dry to see the heavy, brutal brow and the downward scar that started at the corner of his lips. The scar gave him the appearance of a fierce scowl despite his eager leer.

It was one of many disfigurements covering his masculine physique. He was slightly less bulky than the first man who'd gained the platform, and the jagged marks emphasized the curves of muscled flesh. Tasha's gut squeezed tight as she stared at the brute, a savage-looking creature born to fight and take what he wanted.

“A Matara has entered our territory,” the first said. He spoke as if relishing each word. His low voice struck a chord within Tasha. She shivered.

The scarred beast’s wide nose flared as he inhaled. “She’s ripe for breeding.”

Tasha’s weakened knees shook harder. She was close to collapsing on the planking.

The slightest member’s grin grew wider still. “Then let us take her.”

They disappeared into dark blurs, the smear of their passage racing straight for her. All at once they surrounded her, their sharp scent choking.

Calloused hands closed over her arms, holding her prisoner. The scarred male pulled the front of her blouse open, staring intently into her eyes as he did.

The fabric purring apart was all Tasha could hear. Air wafted over her bared chest, taking her breath away.

The beast growled at her exposure. Fangs appeared behind large, square teeth. The sharp sting of his bite into her breast drove a cry from Tasha’s throat.

The others bit her throat and the ample swell of a buttock. The venom they injected would render her helpless against their desire to mate with her. Already, euphoria crept over her, a sweet intoxication that overwhelmed the instinct for self-preservation.

They lowered her to a cushion, arranging her so she sprawled open to them. Their fangs slid free, leaving tiny punctures where drops of blood beaded. Tasha watched her captors, her vision hazy with intoxication.

The biggest said, “Now you’ll serve our needs.”

A stab of hunger plunged into Tasha’s gut. “Yes.”

Her skirt followed her blouse, torn off by coarse hands. The scarred man pushed his companions aside so he could crouch between her legs. They laughed at his enthusiasm though their loincloths showed their own obvious arousal. Scarred Savage grabbed Tasha’s lightly tanned thighs, his fingers indenting soft, malleable skin. He drew her plump legs apart. He stared at her exposed pussy, wet and blushing with need.

The pungent aroma that reminded her of cinnamon rolled off him in a tidal wave. A rumble of a growl vibrated his chest. His purple gaze lit with fire. He half-swooped, half-collapsed, burying his face in her crotch.

Tasha cried out as he mouthed her hungrily. His raw silk tongue swept over tender flesh, scooping the wetness that flowed. She started to flail only to find the other two had pinned her to the furred cushion. The vulnerable position fed her desire, lighting every cell.

Scarred Savage licked and sucked, his enjoyment voiced through muffled chuffing sounds. He was frenzied as he feasted on her. The coarse mouthing was what Tasha liked best—violent and demanding.

The other pair settled on either side, each imprisoning a wrist next to her head. The slightest sealed his lips to Tasha’s, his tongue sweeping into her mouth to taste her. He plundered, squeezing her breast gently, then harder. She responded to the heady ache by thrusting into his palm, begging for more. He chuckled into her mouth. He pinched her nipple, and she writhed at the pleasurable stab of pain.

The third sucked the other breast with abandon. His tongue, as deliciously rough as his companions’, rubbed over the tip to turn it pebbly. His teeth closed over the erect point, bringing as sweet a pain as his companion’s pinch.

Scarred Savage drew on Tasha’s swelling clit. He pressed a pair of thick fingers against her slick pussy. The big-knuckled digits shoved in, and Tasha kicked the air. He drove in and out, fucking her. His wicked tongue lashed her clit, sending a tide of gooseflesh to cover her. A third

finger pried her open further, commanding entrance as well. The added girth rubbed the most sensitive place within her, sending roiling heat swirling through her belly. She screamed into the slightest man's mouth.

He halted his passionate kiss to stare into her glazed eyes. He grinned at whatever he saw there. "You'll come for us, woman. Many times."

The man who led this group of jungle beasts added, "You'll obey and come when told."

Her senses lit in agreement. Their venom left her receptive to their every touch. Their brute strength gave her no choice but to surrender. High in the tree, having stumbled into territory they ruled, Tasha could only acquiesce. In this wild place with its untamed men, she'd surrender to any demand put to her.

Scarred Savage drummed into her pussy with harsh fingers. He sucked and tongue-lashed her clit harder than before. It was beginning, that gorgeous demolition powered by lust. Tasha wailed as desire overpowered her, combusting and driving her to final immolation.

"Yes, Matara. You have no choice but to yield."

They goaded her with steady thrusts, with nipping teeth, with hard hands, with burning kisses. The implacable taking shoved her closer to the edge by the second. Carnal longing erupted into brazen, unstoppable insistence.

"Please!" she begged. "Please!"

"You may come for us now."

Crescendo broke upon her. Her pussy flexed to take the invading fingers deeper as violent craving found its voice. She strained in the arms of her captors, fighting to release the tension that unwound in shattering bursts. Fiery surges broke upon her. She was torn apart and made whole, all at once.

The last pulses hadn't yet faded when Scarred Savage withdrew glistening fingers. With bestial purpose, he pushed two into her tighter entrance. She gasped at a fresh surge of passion as he thrust in and out, twisting and turning.

His intrusion was unthinkable; her upbringing and culture refuted it. Yet she was held hostage by the intoxicant in her system, making it enthralling. Even this breach of forbidden flesh was rife with bliss. How could she respond with hunger and want to their debauchery? How could she be aroused by such creatures, more animals than men, with such a lack of conscience?

It was the jungle, this uncivilized place where the wild ruled and rules fled before the wild. She fell under its spell with every wanton stroke of Scarred Savage's fingers, with every bite from the leader's teeth, with every breath-stealing kiss of the slight one's mouth.

She was shifted, rolled onto her side. Scarred Savage slid behind her, his chest moving against her shoulder blades. The larger of his two cocks probed between her buttocks.

The leader lay in front of her, pulling her thigh over his. His forward cock rubbed against her pussy, seeking its warmth. It was as wet as her sex, the alien flesh exuding its own sensual lubricant in anticipation of entering her.

The slightest male crouched overhead, his cocks looming above her upturned face. The shaft in front was the larger, shaded twice as dark as the rest of his skin. It too was slick in readiness to plunge into her mouth. A bead of pearly white perched at its tip. She'd be made to swallow that drop of masculine pleasure; that drop and much, much more.

Scarred Savage was the first to sheath himself within her. A delicious ache bloomed. The bullet-shaped length grew in girth as he pushed into her ass. It was no use to protest the profane act. Indeed, Tasha had no wish to deny her brutal lover. She was to be mated to these men in their way, the instinctual call to breed stronger than any of society's rules.

Though the taking throbbed with dull hurt, Tasha felt only pleasure in the act. The thrill of being overruled by those who'd mastered her won out.

She groaned as Scarred Savage's groin met her buttocks. He was fully imbedded, his claim too deep to deny. He'd taken her as any beast might, making her bestial in kind.

The leader crowded closer, flattening her large breasts against the muscled planes of his chest. With a knowing smirk, he gripped his primary cock. He placed it at the entrance of her pussy. Without a pause, he drove into her, sheathing himself in a single thrust.

The air left Tasha's lungs at the sudden claiming. She hadn't expected it, and she moaned at the strain. Yet the burst of pain was joined by an astounding fullness that turned her insides to molten lava. The double penetration pressed her interior hotspot. She flushed with violent heat. Her tormented groan turned into a shout of exaltation. She hovered at the point of climax, needing only a moment's friction to send her over.

The leader grinned, as if he knew how close she was. He drew out, his cock dragging slowly, deliciously over the igniting flesh.

Orgasm burst over Tasha, flashing blinding light through her. She quaked between the men, trapped in a prison of rapturous ecstasy. She clawed the shoulders and back of the man before her, animalistic under his delightful torment.

Fingers gripped her chin. The slightest male knelt over Tasha and the others. He lowered his groin toward her face. His primary cock, the bead of pleasure at its slit, hovered over her.

"Take it. Taste me."

Tasha extended her tongue. She lapped the end of his cock, capturing the precious pearl of his lust. Salty-spicy-sweet flavor danced over her tastebuds.

"Swallow."

She obeyed.

He pushed past her parted lips, his primary sheathed in the warm confines of her mouth. He pressed against her tongue and slid toward her throat. Just as he began to impede her breathing, he reversed course. Then in again. Out. She drank in the drippings of pre-cum along with the cinnamon-like bite of his lubrication as he fucked her mouth.

With his rhythm established, the others rutted as well. Shockwaves of pleasure jolted through Tasha as one, then the other, forged into her. The extraordinary fullness in her pussy and ass drove her to orgasm again and again.

The trio moved faster. Soon, they'd mark the woman they'd found in their midst. They gasped and grunted, eager for the culmination of their conquest. Yet it was Tasha who ruled, clutching and drawing on them, insisting they sacrifice their pleasure to her.

The slightest surrendered first, flooding her mouth with ecstasy. Tasha drew on him, swallowing and sucking, demanding he hold nothing back. Feeling his cock throb against her tongue, tasting that feral savor, brought her close to another release.

Bliss billowed in a final mighty heave as the Scarred Savage yelled. His shaft pumped, filling her ass with cum. She clawed at the leader, his shoulders already streaked red with scratches from her nails. He howled with rapture.

The slightest, Imdiko Nirad, collapsed to the upper deck of the clan's tree-home. He lay splayed and gasping, as if to offer himself as sacrifice to the vid-produced sky overhead.

Nobek Gid, he of the amazing map of scars, groaned and slid out of Tasha's ass. Dramok Deg grunted as the last pulses of climax rippled through his cock. His eyes were closed, his mouth slack.

Tasha blinked, the final orgasm receding and taking the fantasy of fierce jungle brutes with it. Reality intruded, erasing the warm afterglow of wonderful sex.

Here she was, yet again. She peeked over her shoulder at Gid's satisfied expression. Now the other part would start, the part that felt wrong.

Nirad stretched and rolled on his side to look at her. His smile was as sweet as sunshine. "Shall I fetch you some water now? Or would you prefer a protein drink?"

She felt the tightness of her return smile. "Water, please. Thanks."

Nirad got up, snickering at his awkward movements. He'd had the most demanding position of the group, so Tasha wasn't surprised his steps were slow to the small cooling unit, discreetly placed in the corner of the deck.

Deg climbed to his feet, his grin wide as he called after his Imdiko. "Are those cleansing wipes there? I did ask you to—"

"I'll bring them to you."

A big hand rubbed Tasha's back, the pressure gentle. "Did you enjoy our surprise, my lovely? It was to your liking?"

She resisted squirming at the solicitous touch. Her skin crawled. "I'm impressed you went to so much trouble."

A slight frown touched Deg's face, and Tasha winced inwardly. Her tone had been too formal.

"You said it was a good book, so we read it. We thought you'd enjoy the fantasy of men who'd grown up wild in the jungle, more beast than civilized."

Tasha could be truthful on that subject. "I enjoyed it, all right. It was perfect."

Nirad laughed as he rejoined them. He sat cross-legged in front of Tasha. "That was fun. I'll have to read more Earther stories. Such an exciting fantasy!"

He opened her bottle for her and tipped it to her lips. Tasha drank, wondering if he'd take it wrong if she grabbed it from him. She glanced around the deck, hoping to spy a chronometer somewhere. No such luck. She'd have to ask what time it was and hope she wasn't obvious about wanting to leave.

Gid and Deg cleansed her with the wipes. Brutish Gid's handling of her was gentle, as tender as a nursemaid. "Relax and enjoy. We'll give you what you like. What you want."

It was an echo from the past. *You like it. You want it. You know it feels nice.*

Tasha's stomach churned. She thought she might throw up.

Deg asked, "Will you stay for dinner?"

She seized on the innocent question, a drowning swimmer grabbing a lifebuoy. Pushing away the nearly empty water bottle she said, "Dinner? Oh my gosh, is it that late?" She looked up at the sky—a vid projection on the ceiling of the underground living sector. It was mostly blue with daylight, but she detected the slightest hue of coral that confirmed evening was near.

Gid blinked in surprise, but he called in Kalquorian, "Time check."

When an electronic voice answered, Tasha heaved a sigh. "Thank goodness. I have just enough time to go home, shower, and get to the Royal House. I promised to keep my niece tonight for the Imperial Clan."

All three faces fell. Tasha's flash of guilt didn't lessen the need to escape now that they'd turned from sexual beasts to solicitous suitors.

Deg made noticeable effort to keep letdown from his tone. "We weren't aware you had another engagement."

"I'm sorry. It slipped my mind until just now. I really have to go."

*Liar. You're the worst person, Natasha Salter.*

Gid squared his shoulders, too much of a Nobek to show regret. "We'll escort you to the Matara Complex."

"Thank you." She hated to leave them when Deg and Nirad wore hangdog expressions, so she added, "It's a shame I have to go. You were fantastic. Thank you for the amazing surprise."

She kissed each, and the trio brightened. It gave her another pang of conscience to lead them on. Yet the old revulsion had returned, that sick feeling when exciting sex turned into overly attentive aftercare and kind words reminded her of past coercion.

She wouldn't see Clan Deg again.

*I don't want to be alone.* The cry came from the depths of her soul.

Regarding the trio as they helped her dress, men who were nothing but kind and good and willing to give a girl her silliest fantasies—men she couldn't bear to spend another moment with—Tasha acknowledged solitude was her fate. She couldn't keep stringing along innocent clans.

Clan Deg would find out they needed to move on in a day or two. She'd offer them the same lame excuse of "it isn't you, it's me" she'd given the rest. They'd be confused, maybe hurt. They had four more chances in the lottery though. Such a wonderful clan would probably strike gold with the next woman. Surely by their third or fourth attempt.

Tasha swallowed her guilt. It would be okay. They'd find the right lifemate, eventually.